

TRAVIS TAKES SHOT AT BOGEY TOURNEY

Southern Golf Association Roasted by Ex-Champion—Old Order of Things the Best.

By W. J. Travis, in American Golfer.

The Southern Golf Association recently announced a bogey competition, which has one of two extraordinary features. The conditions in full are printed elsewhere. There are two points which are particularly noteworthy. Each team plays against the bogey of its own course; and while the majority of the clubs play on a certain specified date several others are granted permission to play a couple of days later.

Now, what is bogey? Bogey has been defined as what an ordinarily good player can do in a hole in. This, of course, is very elastic.

As a general rule, the bogey of a course is largely governed by the quality of play of the best men in the club. The lower the standard of play the higher the bogey.

Now, it matters little, within reasonable limits, what the bogey of any course is for legitimate competitions. All contestants are playing against the same thing, on the same day, under like conditions. But it does make a vast difference when a dozen or more teams are playing on as many different courses how the bogey of each course has been arrived at. Usually this is done in a haphazard way and no two clubs may adopt the same methods. This system, or rather lack of system, results in many glaring incongruities. A hole of 170 yards, possessing no unusual features, may at one course be carried as a bogey 4, while at another of 200 yards, of the ordinary type, is put down on another course as bogey 3. And so it goes. It is no unusual thing to see the bogey of two courses fixed at practically the same total, when every one recognizes there is an actual playing difference in value of 4 or 5 strokes.

Freak Affairs.

What we wish to point out is the absolute futility of attempting to conduct freak affairs of this kind with any idea or expectation of the best man or the best team winning. The whole thing, resting as it does upon a false foundation, does not, cannot, furnish any real test of the relative merits of the players.

And as if this were not bad enough, matters have been further aggravated by permitting play on different dates. Of course, over such a widely-scattered area it would be too much to expect uniformity in weather conditions, even on the

same day. How much less so with an interval of two days apart?

On Thanksgiving day the ground up North was covered with snow, while two days later—both corresponding to those set for the competition—the playing conditions were really good—at least a half a stroke a hole better. What the comparative conditions down South were we do not know.

It is also a delusion to suppose—if such a thought ever crossed the mind of the donor of the prizes—that the best interests of the game will be advanced or promoted in any way by such hybrid golf. An utterly false notion of the ethics of golf, real golf, is bound to be created, especially in the minds of the younger school of players. Then there is another and more important aspect. This particular competition was under the auspices of the Southern Golf association for prizes given by its president.

To Make Play Easier.

What will be the inevitable result if the affair becomes a fixture? A desire, not to improve the courses, and thereby improve the play, but to make them easier, as the easier a course becomes, in relation to the others, the better the chance the home players have of heading home. The tendency is in the wrong direction; retrogressive, instead of uplifting.

It may be remarked that the president of the Southern Golf Association is slated for the presidency of the Western Golf Association, and it may be recalled that a bogey competition upon somewhat similar lines was conducted by the latter last season, the result of which was not received with general satisfaction. In the very nature of things, which were so antagonistic to the true principles of golf, it could hardly have been otherwise.

It is a remarkable fact that the longer a man plays the more satisfied he is with the old order of things. The grand old game in all its simplicity and vigor is good enough for him. Not so, alas! with the neophyte; he is ever creating false idols.

It is a pity that such generous impulse as shown by Mr. Smith should be overshadowed by ignorance or disregard of the glorious traditions which are an integral part of the noble game and which it is the duty of all to honor and preserve inviolate in all their purity and integrity.

GREAT OLYMPIC TEAM FAST GOING TO PIECES

Many Athletes Who Wore Shield in London Stadium Have Quit the Game for Good.

About eighteen months ago the Amateur Athletic Union, after a series of tryouts in various sections of the country, selected a team to represent America at the London Olympiad. It proved to be one of the greatest collections of athletes ever gathered together to fight for a common cause, and easily defeated the rest of the athletic world.

That was only a year and a half or so ago, and yet today not more than two-thirds of the members of that team are actively interested in amateur athletics. One of them, John B. Taylor, Jr., one of the best quarter-milers that ever drew on a running shoe, is dead. Some have turned professional, and a score of the others have found that business and athletics do not mix and have given up the game.

Hurdlers All Gone.

If Yank Robbins is sincere in his determination to quit running, athletics will have lost every man who represented America in two events—the 110-meter hurdles and the 400-meter flat race. In the former four Americans—Forrest C. Smithson, Johnny Garrels, A. B. Shaw, and W. M. Rand—qualified for the final heat. They have all retired from athletics and are following different careers. The last heard of Smithson was his heading for British Columbia with the intention of taking up a farm under the homestead laws.

The 400 meters flat race had three Yankees in the final—"Yank" Robbins, J. C. Carpenter, and John B. Taylor, Jr. Taylor died of pneumonia about a year ago. Carpenter has not appeared in competition since his return from England, and only the other day Robbins declared that he had chased his last medal. This announcement, however, is not taken very seriously.

Sprinters Lost.

Other events have not suffered so much, but there is hardly one that has not lost some one. Take the sprints. Nat Cartmel, a point winner in both the 100 and 200 meters sprints, has turned professional and is running as such in England. Jimmy Rector's parents objected to any further participation in athletics on his part, and he retired. Recently he joined the St. Louis club in future, but for a long time he did nothing. Dan Kelly hasn't been heard from in heaven knows how long, and Lawson Robertson is a professional trainer, handling the Irish-American Athletic club's track and field representatives.

Hillman and Bacon.

Harry Hillman and Charley Bacon ran for the United States in the 400-meter hurdles. Hillman only recently left New York to become coach and trainer of the Dartmouth university athletes, and it's just about a toss-up whether "Ham" ever returns to the races. He has done little or no training for a long time, and it is even longer since he has appeared in competition. He has settled down and hasn't as much time on his hands as he used to.

Vaulters Have Quit.

America grabbed off more than its fair percentage of points in the pole vault.

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MAGNATES SIZED UP.

John T. Brush, Smartest Man in Baseball Is Claimed.

Otto Floto, in the Denver Times, gives a little conversation with one of the best-known men on baseball matters generally throughout the country, who, speaking of the magnates, sized them up about as follows:

John T. Brush—The smartest man in baseball, but vindictive.

Clarry Herrmann—Smart, but no back-bone, the last man to him has him.

Ban Johnson—Bluffs a great deal and makes it stick; likes to talk.

Comiskey—Shrewd as can be; has lots of diplomacy.

Condie Mack—Shrewd and clever; knows the game better than any one.

Charles Murphy—A hard fighter, but backs up at times.

George Tebeau—More nerve than any other man in baseball; very shrewd.

Barney Dreyfus—Smart, but always following, never leading.

John McGraw—Pretty wise, but has lots of money to work with.

Summers—Strongest man in the American League in executive ability.

In fact, the information went down the line, but these are the principal men he mentioned. How about Horace Fogel?

ONLY TWO SUCCEEDED

Bender and Leroy Made Good in Fast Company.

DROP BASEBALL AT CARLISLE

Authorities Make Careful Investigation Before Abolishing the Great National Game at Red Men's Institution—Heads of Players Often Turned by Flattering Offers.

Carlisle, Pa., Jan. 22.—The determination of the authorities at the Carlisle Indian School to abolish baseball as a representative sport for the Indians came as the result of a painstaking investigation into the accomplishments of the Redmen in this branch of sport. The history of baseball at the Carlisle Indian School, as well as the performances of the baseball players who have left Carlisle, have indicated that the Indian is not temperamentally suited to become a baseball player because of his well-known characteristics of unsteadiness and carelessness in athletic sports, whereas a good ball player must be both careful and steady, and in addition his weakness, in withstanding the temptations which surround professional ball players on every hand.

The fearless and reckless disposition of the Indian makes him a successful factor in football, lacrosse, and those athletic sports which give opportunity for the taking of long chances, especially those involving an element of risk of personal injury, and where spontaneous exhibitions of great physical exertion are factors.

Then, too, Carlisle has been forced to suppress baseball because the heads of the school players are often turned by offers they receive during the summer from minor league and semi-professional team managers, to such an extent that the boys are often lured away before completing their course here, in most cases, only to fall to "make good," and thus miss their opportunity to complete their education.

Of all the Carlisle boys who have tried professional baseball, only two have succeeded. One of these is Charles Bender, who has pitched such good ball for the Athletics, of Philadelphia, for a number of years, and the other is Lewis Leroy, who has had a successful career as a pitcher with such teams as Buffalo, Montreal, New York Americans, and St. Paul.

The younger boys at the Carlisle School still will be allowed to play ball among themselves.

The history of the game at Carlisle covers nearly a score of years, during which time some of the best baseball trainers in the country have worked with the Indians, but results have been uniformly unsuccessful, although every facility useful in developing baseball players has been afforded.

AMBIDEXTROUS TWIRLER.

Connie Mack Signs New Phenom Named Friene.

Now what will the rules committee do about this? Here is a pitcher whom Connie Mack signed up for next season who is going to mix them up with either hand. Here is what they say about him: "Charley Friene has come to terms with Connie Mack and mailed back his contract. The Philadelphia club will have in Friene a young pitcher of unusual ability. He is an ambidextrous thrower. There are very few pitchers who can shoot the ball over the plate with either hand, but Friene has done it. He has pitched part of a game with his right hand and finished up with his left. Friene usually pitches with his right. It is only when he is tired or has some dangerous southpaw hitter that he smokes them over with his left. John Reilly discovered the youngster, who is a graduate of Santa Clara College, and recommended him to Connie Mack."

Charley Friene, the Hoboken "Iron Man," who recently received his bumps from Mickey Gannon, has signed up to box Johnny Dohan, of Brooklyn, at the Olympic Athletic Club, of New York, on next Monday night.

HOME TRAINER TO IMPROVE BATTING.

Cincinnati, Jan. 22.—Clark Griffith, leader of the Reds, has hit on a novel device for home batting practice, and it has been shipped to Outfielder Bescher.

The arrangement was constructed according to Griffith's order, and it is designed to give Bescher practice in batting left-handed.

The device consists of a ball of regulation size, but fitted with an extra cover, to which stout rubber cords are attached, one on each side. One of the cords is to be fastened to the floor and the other to the ceiling, allowing the ball to swing loosely at about the height of the batter's waist. When the ball is struck with a bat the flexible cords allow it to spring several yards and it returns with great force, coming back at about the speed of a pitched ball. Then is the time for the player to get busy with the club and soak it out again. It is great training for the batting eye.

The plant can be set up in any good-sized room, or out in the barn or woodshed. Bescher is a big, strong fellow, naturally left-handed, who was, unfortunately, coached to bat right-handed when he was a kid, and has stuck to the wrong style ever since. He is so fast that he would beat out many an infield hit batting left-handed, and he has the natural strength in his left arm to do it as soon as he gets accustomed to the shift. Griffith has sent him instructions to hit only left-handed with the new machine, and he hopes that Bescher will be a regular Ty Cobb when he reports in March.



Foreign Wrestlers By WALT MASON

I view with seven kinds of grief the gents resembling sides of beef, who come in droves from foreign lands, with eagerness, to lay their hands upon the dollars of our dads; I don't admire these mighty lads. They're not a credit to their sex; their heads are smaller than their necks; their language is a fearful hash of gurgles, grunts and balderdash; one word alone in all the junk can we distinguish—that is "plunk." And they, in times of bitter stress, rely on tonnage for success. I like to watch a wrestling bout; to see a man turned inside out, and tied in knots, and hung to dry upon some clothesline hanging high; I never yet have had my fill of knightly deeds and feats of skill; but evermore my soul complains, when sporting gents don't use their brains. These beefy wrestlers don't do that, because each one, beneath his hat, has nothing but an aching void, and so I'm peevish and annoyed to see the wrestlers rant and rage like hippos in a circus cage.

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"NATIVE SONS" PREFER NOT TO PLAY AT HOME

Ball Players Contend that Home Crowds Make It Much Harder for Them to Succeed.

From the Cleveland Leader.

Would there be more interest and greater rivalry in the major leagues if the players on the different teams were "native sons," players who got their start on the corner lot and worked their way up?

There are many who believe that more civic pride would be taken in the big league games if the players were all home boys, known personally to all, or most of the fans who attend the games.

As a rule it's very seldom that any home products win places on major league teams in their native city. It has been tradition in baseball for a player to try and get a place on any team other than the city in which he happened to be born. This custom applies to both minor and major leagues.

Many fans claim that there is not the same local enthusiasm shown by major and minor league crowds as is evident when two small town teams meet and every player is a native. They contend that it is such a policy could be put into execution in the minors and majors, baseball would thrive all the more, and the enthusiasm be all the more genuine, despite the prosperous conditions that exist almost everywhere in the baseball world.

Ball players contend that after they get out of the amateur ranks they find their home town the hardest place in which to succeed. Whether this is a fact or merely due to the superstition that exists among all players is a question. Nevertheless it's a fact that ambitious youngsters seldom seek a chance to make a mark in the baseball world by starting in their home burg.

How About Home Talent?

Then again comes the question as to whether or not it would be possible to form major and minor league teams from home talent. In these days of modern baseball, even the country hamlets

generally import a couple of city stars to strengthen their team and make it possible for them to trim their hated rivals from some near-by village. Thus, since the small town teams find it necessary to import outside talent, it would seem that really high-class ball players would be entirely too scarce to make the "native son" scheme possible.

Our fair city of Cleveland, however, would be a decided exception to the rule. There are in our midst minor league players galore, who in a few short years will be ripe for the majors, while there are enough natives in the big leagues to form a team that would be able to hold its own in either the National or American.

How would the following team of real natives look to you as Cleveland's representatives in the American League? Not a half bad aggregation, eh? With a bunch of substitutes enlisted from the many clever minor league players who call Cleveland the place of their birth, a mighty fast team could be put together.

Player. Position. Team. League.
Livingston. Catcher. Phila. American.
Smith. Pitcher. Boston. American.
Morgan. Pitcher. Phila. National.
Morgan. Pitcher. New York. National.
Carr. Pitcher. New York. American.
Kiesel. Pitcher. St. Louis. American.
Egan. 1st base. St. Louis. National.
Delahanty. 2d base. Detroit. American.
Austin. Shortstop. New York. American.
Bridges. 3d base. Cleveland. American.
J. Delahanty. Left field. St. Louis. National.
Leach. Ctr. field. Pittsburgh. National.
Paddock. Rt. field. Cincinnati. National.
Merritt. Manager. Cleveland. American.
Payne. Trainer. Cleveland. American.

With "Paddy" Livingston, the clever receiver of the Athletics as first catcher, the club would have a mighty good man behind the bat. On the pitching staff would be three veterans, Charley Smith, of Boston; Earl Moore, of Philadelphia; and Ruben Markward, of New York, and two youngsters, Carroll and Kiesel, who received a short try-out in the American last fall. While the team would be none too strong in the pitching department, still it would be very fair.

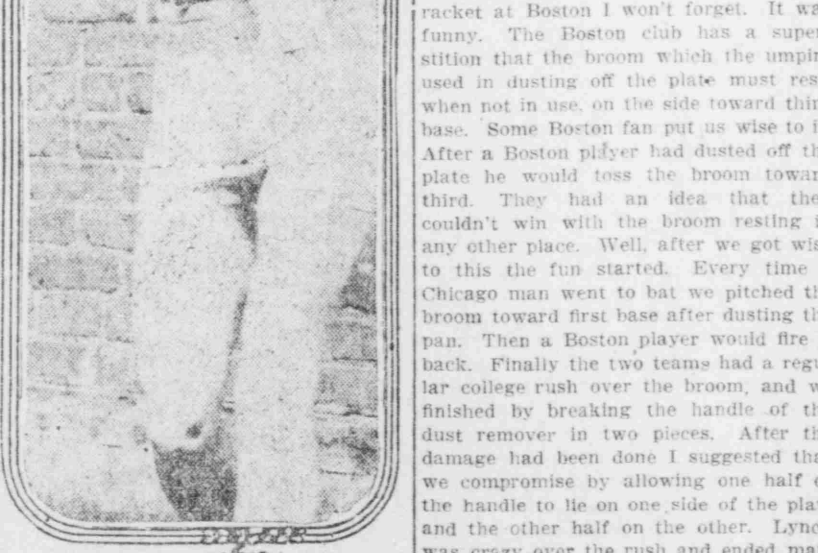
The infield would be strong with Bill Bradley at third, Jimmy Austin at short, Jim Delahanty at second, and Louie Evans at first. While in the outfield would be three National Leaguers, Joe Delahanty, Leach, and Fisk. Jim McGuire, a near native son, would be right on the spot as manager, while "Doc" Payne, present trainer of the Naps, would do the same line of work.

Quite a few players who are Clevelanders by adoption might be used. Among them are Lajoie, Flick, Liebhardt, and a few others.

ANOTHER ONE ON LYNCH.

Bill Lange Tells Interesting Story on League President.

Bill Lange tells another story on Tom Lynch, the new president of the National League. "We used to have quite a little fun with Tom Lynch when he was umpiring," mused Bill. "As I have said before, he was strict as the old Harry, but, being a serious-minded fellow, we kidded him a lot in a quiet way. There was a little racket at Boston I won't forget. It was funny. The Boston club has a superstition that the broom which the umpire used in dusting off the plate must rest, when not in use, on the side toward third base. Some Boston fan put us wise to it. After a Boston player had dusted off the plate he would toss the broom toward third. They had an idea that they couldn't win with the broom resting in any other place. Well, after we got wise to this the fun started. Every time a Chicago man went to bat we pitched the broom toward first base after dusting the pan. Then a Boston player would fire it back. Finally the two teams had a regular college rush over the broom, and we finished by breaking the handle of the dust remover in two pieces. After the damage had been done I suggested that we compromise by allowing one half of the handle to lie on one side of the plate and the other half on the other. Lynch was crazy over the rush and ended matters by firing the broom out of the grounds. The next day Lynch appeared with a little broom, which he carried in his hip pocket. He took no more chances of the players getting into a row."



PHIL MCGOVERN.

Brother of Terry, who earned a decision over Joe Coster in a three-round battle recently. There was no knockout, but McGovern displayed the strong family aggressiveness in such a way as to show himself decidedly superior to his adversary.

BALL PLAYERS SHUN THE COACHING JOB

Boston Manager Discourses on Points That Upset the Man on Sidelines—Plea for Leniency.

From the Boston Journal.

When there was a man on second and a run needed either to tie the score or to pull the game out of the fire, how many times have you heard the fans at the ball park roar, "Oh, you bonehead!" as the man on the third base coaching line made his way to the bench after that man on second had tried to reach third on a desperate chance, despite the antics, gesticulations, and shouting of the coach?

Of course, the runner was out and it made the third out and cut off that fine chance to get "in the game." Fans seem to be suffering from the intense desire to get that man around and always figure that the man on the coaching line is at fault. Just take a look back and see if in many, if not all, instances the fault was not with the baserunner.

Ready Player on the Bench.

Then see if your memory doesn't show you that the heady ball player, the boy who rarely gets caught off a bag and who takes chances only when there is a chance, isn't found seated on the bench during a game. He has no desire to get out there on the lines to coach, knowing from experience that if anything goes wrong with a man on the bases the fans will set it down to his "bonehead work."

No ball player desires to court this kind of criticism. He on the field, doing his work, stands for all that kind of stuff, but is a bit shy on seeking any more opportunities for such blasts.

This puts the question up to the fans who delight to yell at the men doing the best they can to keep their teammates safe and to guide him. Why wouldn't it be a good scheme to cut that kind of stuff and give the ball players a chance to help their team?

In the course of a season there isn't any doubt but that many a coach spoils a chance to score, but it is more often up to the runner, who usually finds one of the less experienced men out on the lines. The man on the bases figures that he knows about as much about the particular condition as the coach and takes that chance which proves fatal.

A glance over the shoulder doesn't always give the correct impression. What looks to the runner like a fumble may be an awkward smothering of a hit, the fielder holding the ball and hitting the man to the bag by a throw.

Players Shun Coaching Job.

Coaching at first base is a cinch compared with that at third. The chances of getting in bad are less, as any follower of the game will readily see. Over at that third corner is where the strain comes for the coach. The runner may be at third, a fast man on his feet, accustomed to taking chances. That man will dash for home on a slow infield hit, despite any protestation from the coach, whose only means of holding him would be to trip him up. If he is caught at the plate the crowd howls. If the play is close—well, the coach has a slim chance at being forgiven. If the player makes the play stick, he is the hero. Is there little wonder that ball players dislike the job of coaching?

This question was brought up yesterday afternoon at a fanning bee at the Doves' headquarters, and Manager Lake led the van in his arguments in favor of publicity concerning this condition. He figures that if the fans realize the true situation they would not make life miserable for the manager or player who is doing the best he can by sign or voice to help the runner along.

"There isn't a particle of excuse for a ball player being caught off a bag by the old-time trick of the hidden

Managers Are Wise Ones.

"Managers of teams who do not 'don the spangles' are wise ones. They usually have a few old-timers on their team, however, who take instruction and do the work. The fans cannot realize the feeling of humiliation experienced by the coach when he is faced with a blundering player, at you for what really wasn't any fault of yours."

"Yes, many times a coach will advise a runner to come along, figuring that the man is fast enough to make the play, being influenced by the knowledge that he himself could accomplish it. All ball players are not fast on their feet, so the coach must be a level-headed individual with an ability to think quickly, basing his judgment upon correct knowledge of the prowess of the man he is coaching. Give the coach more of a chance, pay more attention to other baserunners, and be charitable in criticism. Thus one of the disagreeable features from a player's and coach's standpoint will be removed."

ALTHOUGH "IN THE HOLE," ANSON THINKS HE WILL YET HIT SAFELY

New York, Jan. 22.—They are printing obituaries and "he was a good fellow when he had it," stories about "Cap" Anson in the morning dailies, but the indomitable old warrior himself is not a subscriber to the belief that he is through with baseball. The old boy is through with the game in Chicago, where for many years he was the best known character in the city, but he doesn't think he has "struck out" for good.

Hereafter, Anson will make his home in New York, and between exhibiting his prowess at billiards in the winter and piloting a semi-professional baseball team in the summer he thinks he will more than break even. Anson isn't compelled to hustle for a living, but after so many years he cannot content himself with a fireside role. He lives in the past to some extent, but keeps abreast of the times. Whatever they may say of him, the grand old veteran is game.

Last summer Anson managed a semi-professional team in Chicago. Ostensibly he was the owner, also. He is concluding arrangements to transfer his interest in the team and the park where it holds forth to "Jiggs" Donohue, former first baseman of the White Sox. That will sever the last tie that binds Anson to Chicago. Unfortunately in business, he is shut out of the town where he made his reputation because of judgments that would eat up any money that he might make there in semi-professional ball. The title of "Anson's Colts" and the "semi-pro" park in Chicago was the last asset the old timer had in baseball.

The game to which Anson contributed his best efforts for so many years finds him at the end of an honorable career with clean hands, but with little else. Undoubtedly he saved the National League by holding out against the Brotherhood, but magnates of this day are not handing out rewards for services performed twenty years ago. Anson has lost some of his high ideals. He once thought that sentiment cut some figure in baseball. Now he cannot find any kind of a berth in the National League, and at the age of nearly sixty

STERNBERG FOR UMPIRE.

Noted Athlete Sure to Be on National League Staff.

Paul Sternberg, who made such a good record as umpire last season in the Connecticut League, will probably be appointed on the National League staff by President Tom Lynch. He was promised a place on the staff by the late Harry Puffman and he was given a trial at the end of the season by President Heydler. Sternberg is now coaching the Cornell University basketball team. Sternberg is twenty-nine years old and is just as clever at football as he is at basketball. During the season of 1907-8 he coached and played with the St. Johnsbury (Vt.) basketball team, which won the championship of New England, and also was connected with the Holyoke, Mass. team, with Canton, Ohio, and Norwich, Conn. He has played on three champion professional football teams—the Philadelphia Athletics, the Franklin, Pa., champions, and the Canton, Ohio, champions of 1906.

PIEDMONTS ELECT OFFICERS.

Colored Baseball Team Plans Active Campaign This Season.

At a meeting held at the home of John Campbell, 54 Pierce street northwest, yesterday, the Piedmont White Sox elected Walter Savoy manager of the team for the coming season. Charles Williams was elected secretary; John Ross, last season's first baseman and "captain," was unanimously chosen captain.

The following players have signified their willingness to try out for positions: James Ford, George Stevenson, Guy Brady, William Baker, and W. Lee Jones, pitchers; Thomas Pondexter and Harry Johnson, catchers; John Ross, captain and first baseman; Carl Ray, second baseman; William Harbour, third baseman; Ernest Gatewood, shortstop; Matty Matthews, left field; Park Bird, center field; John Campbell, right field.

Games have already been arranged with teams in Norfolk, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City.

Teams desiring games for the coming season write to Walter Savoy, manager, 125 C-street northwest.

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